# The BLAST

Vol. I SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 15, 1916. No. 23

Peace and—REVOLUTION

# The Great Hope

**Robert Minor**

THE German Government offers peace. The proposal echoes about the world with strange reception. Solemn "statesmen" in London pedantically utter the things that "one ought to say, you know"—things cheaply claiming victory. In the thin, piping voice of weakness, English aristocracy shrieks, "No! We will fight to complete victory."

But British Tommy rots in trenches, before iron walls of Germany that have stood almost undented for two years and are expected, so French soldiers told me, to stand another year. The British and the French have an iron wall, too, that cannot be broken. The two armies in Western Europe are literally living in underground fortified cities, within range of the human voice. Both sides are practically invulnerable.

So, what will a British refusal of Peace mean? It will mean **explaining to Tommy!**

Maybe they can fool the English soldier a little longer; from talking with them, I should say that if anybody can be fooled forever, it is the English soldier. But even they must have learned something in this war.

Belgium and Northern France are to be vacated, according to the German offer. A part of Alsace-Lorraine is probably a trading concession which they will later offer.

What would a French refusal of peace mean? It will mean **explaining to the French** *poilu!*

I heard a French soldier out in the fighting country sing *"l' Internationale."* I saw a French soldier stand about the streets of Paris, iron hat on his head, mud of the trenches still on his boots, a loaf of bread and a greasy sausage strapped to his faded uniform—on seven-day vacation after a year and a half of fighting, with not a street car fare, not the price of a cup of coffee, as he wistfully watched the gaiety of the bourgeois. Not a chance even to sit down, except in a park in the rain!

There is no excuse that can be given to either the English or the French soldiers for a continuation of the carnage. I believe that peace will be made.

A strange but enlightening fact of this war has been that in the hour of the greatest need of brains, the two leading allied countries had to put their war business into the hands of "radicals." Not real radicals, of course, but men of that class who dally with radical tendencies, with brains to understand but not the hearts to act.

England has just gone into the hands of the little Welsh lawyer, Lloyd George, who has been telling the English working cattle all his life to rise in modest and peaceful revolt.

The men who are running France today—the only men in France who had brains enough to run a big war and were willing to do it—were until recently counted as dangerous "reds." Some of them have spent their lives preaching direct-action Socialism, and now wear the hypocritical broadcloth with ill-grace.

The war is being run by anti-militarists.

Such are the most powerful of the "statesmen" who will be called upon to answer the German peace proposal. It is **they** who, if the offer is refused, **will have to explain to Tommy and the** *poilu*. And these have been preaching rebellion to the men before they went into the trenches.

Gustave Hervé, one of the most influential and widely read editors in these war times in Paris, said to French Labor at the beginning of the war, "Go to war; it can't be helped. But after victory—**keep your rifles!**"

If Peace is not made, let us hope that the undeceived common soldier will about face with his bayonet and his anger upon the parasites for whom he has been fighting, and strew them about the fields of his home land in the same ungainly heaps of bodies with which his own flesh has fertilized the foreign war-fields.

If Peace is made, let us hope that the common soldier will ram down the throats of those same "red" politicians some of their eloquent phraseology of the past, and will insist upon a Peace on the lines of the destruction of old capitalist exploitation.

Of course, the common man will not know what to ask for other than immediate bread-and-butter things, and he won't understand what he is heading into—but he may in spite of his blindness turn up something.

For instance, there is the war debt. It will be about one hundred billion dollars (a hundred times the amount of indemnity fixed by Bismarck upon France for the purpose of ruining her). Let us hope the amount is even higher than this, the amount that the rulers will try to squeeze out of the sweat of the workers at the end of the war. For, if the working class will only **refuse to pay** that will be the greatest hope for the world. Money owed to the money-lending class by the working class as a result of the working class having fought for the money-lending class! When in Paris, I heard rumblings of the sentiment: "We can't receive back the lives of our dead brothers; let not the money lenders receive back their damned money!"

The *poilu* will come back from the trenches with a knowledge of guns.

It is the Great Hope. It will mean a short, sharp clash of steel on steel, a little torn broadcloth and bloody silk—and perhaps—Liberty!

This is not my theory alone: it's the theory of some of the biggest financial and political powers in America. They are getting ready for it.

That's what President Wilson's "International League to Enforce Peace" is for. You see, a good bit of that hundred billion is "owed" to Morgan & Co., and other American financiers down to a caliber small and numerous enough to create a war-loan sentiment throughout America.

When Europe went murdering for profit, Peace was none of our business.

If Europe seeks Liberty through revolution, **we** will be expected to "enforce peace" and Morgan's claims.

Let us have Peace now. But then, quickly, the Revolution, and no interference from the "Land of Liberty" on the excuse of **preserving Peace.**

# Fighting to a Finish

**Horace Traubel**

WE ARE told that we must fight the war to a finish. What is that finish? The finisher might get finished in the process. If diplomats could fight diplomats to a finish. Or kaisers kaisers. Or munition people munition people. If Georges could fight Williams to a finish. If Nicholases could fight Poincaires to a finish. If the vitriolic German priests could fight the vitriolic English priesthood to a finish. If we could set the board and have those who want to fight fight others who want to fight to a finish. If all the pamphleteers, if all the so-much-a-worders, could be induced to fight pamphleteers and so-much-a-worders to a finish. Then I'd say yes. I wouldn't choose even that. But I'd not stand in the way. But when you propose that the German people should fight the English people to a finish. When you propose that any people should fight any people to a finish. Then I say no. If all the peoples of all the earth could fight all the swells of all the earth to a finish—all the rulers and robbers: then I'd not stand in the way. But short of that I can't see the right kind of a finish. But when the will of the people is known the will of their exploiters will crumple. When the time comes that the people might fight the anti people to a finish then it won't be necessary to fight. The weapons will have changed. The big guns are only necessary to the weak. They are not necessary to the strong. Carrying a gun is a cowardice. Using a gun is surrender. Some say we want no more war. That's right. We don't. But there's a lot more we don't want. And that lot more may be preliminary. * * * War don't cause war. Secret diplomacy is bad enough. Any diplomacy is too bad. But there's a secret something else back of all that by whose forefinger the moves of the game are made. Will any settlement short of that settle anything? There are good people who see nothing. And there are others who see everything but are bad. Is the war to be settled for the people? Or are they to settle it for themselves? We hear of leagues of democratic control. Will they be permitted to control anything? Carpenter says that even now at this very minute when the war's at its hottest our masters may be arranging a truce in their cabinets. And if they are. If they do. We know what sort of a truce it'll be. The people will be left out again. Yet the people are meekly apologetic in peace. How can we expect them to suddenly become conscious of themselves in war? They may be stirred up. They may wake. If they do, look out. Some heads'll go off. The great will become the small. Reputations will give way to character. Leaders will become servants. The road toward peace is over the ruins of systems. You can't remove little dribbles of ephemera and expect the millennium. I'm not afraid to say that I want peace at any price. And then I'm not afraid to say that I want justice at any price to go along with it.—The Conservator.

# Popular Movements; Rent Strikes and Boycotts, vs. H. C. of L.

**Elias Sang**

IN ALL ages popular and democratic movements have endured the gibes and sneers of the aristocrats.

Beware, ye masters of the bread! The mob from out this same populace rent the Bastille from turret to foundation stone, and from the wreck rose a republic. The Tories in 1776 dug their own graves, and literally, too, as many Mexican Land Barons have recently taken to the homely shovel before shuffling off this mortal coil.

Once the mask is off, the mob will remember all the nice modern methods of extortion and starvation. They will not forget that you smug commission man dumped potatoes and fruits overboard to rot when they had no work and were hungry; and you, dear Landlord, drove them from sheltering roofs, nor yet will they forget the arrogance of the police nor the hypocrisy of the church. The mob has never yet in history risen which failed to pay its respects to fat merchants and landlords and their flunkeys.

All real radicals should not only join, but organize and foment any popular movement to reduce rent or boycott merchants or certain products that menace the standard of living.

To hell with the Efficiency Food Specialists and their alfalfa meal menus. Let the Diet Squads and the rest of the parasites eat the liver and tripe for a change. The working public has been on a diet since history began and does not need any lessons from these cheap fakers.

A great popular movement should be started in San Francisco and other big cities to cut rent in half. Demand a cut and refuse to either pay more or move. Organize a great exodus for the coming spring and summer, a big tent city on the sand dunes. Desert the rabbit warren flats and tenements for six months anyhow!

Organize neighborhood clubs and buy staples wholesale. Boycotting any article that can be reached, even for a few days, helps. A little experiment here and there will show the most effective way.

Don't weep any crocodile tears over some green grocer losing a few dollars; pity yourself and the mob first.

Draw all your small savings out of the banks and put them in the U. S. Postal Savings banks. You of San Francisco boycott the Big Department Stores and Market Street merchants and let 'em know it. They drove off the workingman's jitney—make them feel you have a good memory.

Get the women interested heart and soul and use the gang spirit of the children, too. Remember the Apprentices in Lyons made the Silk Weavers.

Do you remember Carlyle's French Revolution? "A puff of smoke here, a burst of flame in the east, a shot rings out in the night and Paris is in Revolt!"

Radicals should take up the Parisian Club or Group of Ten idea, and be the yeast in this great popular ferment.

# THE BLAST

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# To Our Friends

I HAVE met many people in the East that read THE BLAST, and almost every one voiced admiration for the paper and the fight it is making. I take this opportunity to express the appreciation of THE BLAST staff to our friends and readers. I wish our friends could realize what a brave struggle my co-workers on the paper are making, especially now that they are deprived of my active efforts in behalf of THE BLAST.

I am giving my time and services exclusively to aid the four splendid men and the woman in the San Francisco jail. My services are given entirely free, and thus I find myself forced, so to speak, to rob Peter to pay Paul.

But THE BLAST is dear to me. I hope you, friends and readers, will make it your personal concern to keep THE BLAST blasting. We are short of ammunition. While the good Christians are manufacturing the machinery of slaughter in these Christmas days, will not you, heretics and infidels, show your un-Christian spirit by aiding the work that will ultimately bring peace on earth and well-being for everyone?

Place a half dozen of your friends on THE BLAST subscription list. You cannot give them a more sensible Christmas gift.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN

* * * *

# Reflections

## Baltimore Convention

ONE of the most encouraging events that happened at the Baltimore Convention of the American Federation of Labor was the appearance at the convention of the chiefs of the Railway Brotherhoods. Their speeches as well as the attitude of the delegates to the convention are a hopeful indication that the Brotherhoods, as well as the delegates of the A. F. of L., are beginning to realize that labor fights are not the exclusive interest of the particular industry involved. It is beginning to be understood even by the most conservative unionists that there is, properly speaking, no such thing as an individual fight on the part of one craft or industry under the present industrial situation. And especially in view of the tremendous combinations of capital, no single labor organization, however big, powerful or rich, can hope to win a big fight against combined capital. And Capital is always combined, in the face of threatening Labor. It is therefore very encouraging to note that the powerful Railroad Brotherhoods realize that they alone cannot wage a successful struggle against the railroads, back of whom is practically the whole financial strength of Wall street. As soon as this necessary understanding permeates the great body of the American Federation of Labor we shall have the beginning of a really vital and ultimately successful labor movement in this country.

## Still Waiting

WE WERE waiting to see what Labor was going to get from Wilson. Four labor organizers—Frank Ladvinka, James Aates, Hiram Stephens, and Fanny Sullens—imprisoned for activity in the coal strike of 1914 in West Virginia, have been given their liberty by President Wilson.

After a Nation of a hundred million inhabitants has groaned and bustled about to elect a man president, it is probably not too mean to say that bigger results than the release of four prisoners ought to be expected by the element that elected their man.

So, we call attention to the fact that in nearly every jail in America, from coast to coast, there are rotting today labor men. They are prisoners of war—the Labor war, and if this Wilson election is a Labor victory, let's have the immediate release of all the Labor prisoners of war.

There's Carlo Tresca, with his comrades in the Steel Trust's dungeon in Minnesota; there are the McNamara brothers in the Otis Bastille; there are Schmidt and Caplan facing the same fate; there are the hundred or so jailed in the prison of the Lumber Trust, at Everett, Washington; here in San Francisco are the five enemies of the United Railroads in the shadow of the gallows for a crime of which they are ignorant—to say nothing of the thousands throughout the land who are just as important, though unknown.

When these thousands march out to their freedom, then we will say that Mr. President Wilson has made a small start toward an appearance of being "Labor's President."

But where is Labor's dignity? Are you going to be satisfied with four men out of jail and a rickety eight-hour law?

WHERE is the Socialist vote?

The Socialist vote this year is of such quantity that it has been little talked of in the Socialist press. The choice of the turtle-blooded Benson, in place of the "usual" candidate, the fiery, lovable 'Gene Debs, is not enough to account for it.

We know that a great spiritual force tries to express itself in the Socialist party, and we respect that spiritual force and will not taunt it in its hour of depression. But we believe that spiritual force to be misguided, and as friends with somewhat similar aims to those of the real dreamers of dreams in the Socialist party, we try to point out bluntly the naked truth of that error.

The Socialist Party makes one tremendous fundamental mistake: **It believes in indirection.**

It sees the wealth of Nature and Labor on one side, and a musty governmental hall on the other, and it thinks that the way to appease its hunger is to go toward—**the governmental hall!**

Socialists, you should let this thought go through your mind: **Possibly, after all, the trades unionists were right in expecting as much from a democratic representative as from a Socialist representative.**

We doubt if one iota more would have been gotten from the middle-class-minded Benson as president, than from Wilson.

"But it's not individuals—"

Yes, it is. The individuals whom the French Socialists called their "representatives," remained individuals, and shot the Socialists in strikes. And our own dear Meyer London has already bowed the knee in the American congress.

A Democratic politician is as good as a Socialist politician, possibly better, for he can be elected.

Workers, you are governed in the shop, not in the statehouse. **Free yourselves in the shop.**

## Art Criticism

WE learn from the columns of the San Francisco *Chronicle* that a certain painting was carefully studied and decided to be unworthy of exhibition, by—ah—*two detectives!* This was printed as a sober news item.

As long as such imbecility, assininity—holy smoke!—what can we say?—as long as such things can be done, and as long as a little ninny of a reporter will write of such a thing as though it were the most natural affair in the world—there is no such thing as art in the land. Are there some persons who wonder why poor, foolish America has no art?

When the morbid-souled Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock, it was a leper colony—so far as concerned Art, or Morals, or Happiness. That leprosy traveled as upon the wind, blighting all it touched, till the great artistic impulse inherent in this land of romance died.

The microbe of Puritanism goes further, it is true, than America; it was already showing in France before the war (and French art had decayed accordingly); it had slightly touched Germany; and, as for England, well—that's where it came from in the first place. But the pity of it is most visible in this America, whose giant miles deserve a giant art.

The slimy, killjoy serpent of Puritanism lies in monster coils over this land, poisoning the air, poisoning play, deadening imagination.

When a woman, "past the age or condition where she can attract love or inspire joy," wishes to amuse her wealthy self,

or when a political hypocrite wishes to prove his virtue—he or she resorts to **Puritanism.** A recent example is found in the case of a bourgeois woman, who, feeling the freedom of the suffrage air and wanting to rid herself of energy that should have been expended in dishwashing or plowing, started a movement to censor moving picture shows.

And a stupid ox of a policeman is placed upon the throne—to be king of Art! Thus America's art becomes an insipid thing—silly piffle suited to the brain of—*a policeman!*

R. M.

## NATION-WIDE CONSPIRACY AGAINST MRS. EDEAU'S CHICKENS

### President of American Federation of Labor and Canadian Labor Leaders Probably Involved in Desperate Plot Against Respectable Oakland Fowls — Detective Martin Swanson Going Over to Look for Fingerprints on Chickens' Legs.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 15th.—A stupendous upheaval was caused in District Attorney Chas. M. Fickert's office when it was announced that molders' clay, Epsom salts, or some other high explosive of the type found in Ed Nolan's cellar and Tom Mooney's vest pocket, had been fed to the innocent fowls of Mrs. Sadie Edeau, one of the witnesses against Tom Mooney.

Mrs. Edeau was busy plotting out a modest $17,000 poultry yard, to be paid for when the blood-money for hanging Tom and Rena Mooney was available. The domestic plans were rudely disturbed by a wild anarchist plot, carefully arranged with the cunning known only to the superior brains of evil persons, to give the pip or death to Mrs. Edeau's beloved chickens.

Detective Hand, known throughout the Pacific Coast for his handsome face and gallant bearing, now has the position of guarding the lives and honor of Mrs. Edeau's hens. The responsibility doubtless weighs heavily upon his young shoulders, but no one who has ever seen him try to bully a witness in the courthouse corridor will doubt that every feather on the hens' heads will be safe in his care.

The peculiar perversity of desperate Mooney in blowing up Liberty bells and Plymouth Rock hens will yet be curbed, even if the citizens of the Barbary Coast have to form a permanent Witnesses' Association to that end.

## Frame-Up System

A SPLENDID booklet, entitled "THE FRAME-UP SYSTEM; Story of the San Francisco Bomb," by Robert Minor, has been published by the International Workers' Defense League. It is one of the most remarkable exposures ever condensed into sixteen pages—the story of the dark intrigue by which the United Railroads intends to hang its Labor enemies. A story of gunmen, the scum of the legal profession, private corporation detectives—all working by the falsification of photographs, terrorizing of witnesses and hiring of petty criminals—to do the will of their corporation masters.

This is not merely an exposé of the Mooney-Billings-Nolan-Weinberg case. It is an exposé of a National institution, truly called "THE FRAME-UP SYSTEM." There exists in these United States an organized method of sending men to prison or the gallows for crimes of which they know nothing. This system is as dangerous and unscrupulous as any Blackhand Society or Mafia, and by it any man may be railroaded to his doom if he has enemies powerful enough to set its sinister machinery to work. It is right that all members of Unions should know of this in all its details.

The pamphlets are sold for ten cents a copy (bundles of 20 for $1.00), and are worth many times the amount. They are handsomely illustrated by photographs that prove conclusively that the labor defendants had nothing to do with the preparedness parade explosion. These photos make it not even a question of opinion, but a certainty that the men are innocent.

One of the photographs was so important that the District Attorney had to suppress it and turn over to the defense, on court order, a falsified copy, in order to convict Billings.

You'd better get the booklet; there's nothing like it for intense interest.

Address the International Workers' Defense League, 210 Russ Building, San Francisco, or THE BLAST office.

# The Voice of Labor

### (Correspondence from New York)

THE great Carnegie Hall meeting, on December 2d, held under the auspices of the United Hebrew Trades in behalf of our five arrested San Francisco friends, was a most imposing occasion. The beautiful hall was profusely decorated with the flags and banners of the numerous labor organizations participating and an atmosphere of responsive solidarity pervaded the great gathering. The speeches delivered by Max Eastman, Chairman of the meeting; Patrick Quinlan, but several days previously released from the Trenton penitentiary; Max Pine, Secretary of the United Hebrew Trades; Alexander Berkman, Arturo Giovannitti, and Emma Goldman, clearly set forth the conspiracy of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco to railroad to the gallows four men and the wife of one of them, who had given the best years of their lives to the cause of labor. For the first time since the arrest of our San Francisco friends, were the wider circles of labor in New York made familiar with the great struggle now being waged in San Francisco. The publicity thus gained is but the first step toward developing the nation-wide campaign in behalf of our labor prisoners initiated by the United Hebrew Trades.

Several telegrams reached the Carnegie Hall meeting, among them words of greeting and cheer from the Defense League, and individuals in Springfield, Mass., Kansas City, Topeka and other places. For lack of space we can produce but one:

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 2, 1916.

It is with most profound regret that I am compelled to advise you that I can not be present at the meeting tonight. A rigorous investigation of the so-called San Francisco Bomb cases makes it apparent that unless the conscience of the nation is aroused another outrage is to be committed in the name of the law. The exploiters of Labor on the Pacific Coast, taking advantage of the abominable nature of the crime committed, have seized upon five of Labor's best and purest for sacrifice. The fact that Tom and Rena Mooney, Billings, Weinberg and Nolan are absolutely innocent may furnish them no protection. A vicious and obsolete jury system; a corrupt press, and millions of dollars in the hands of conscienceless men are the agencies aiming at their destruction; the labor movement of America which swung the Colorado prison doors outward for John Lawson a few months ago with a united and enthusiastic spirit can prevent this tragedy. I am indulging the hope that your meeting will be a tremendous success and that your action, financial and otherwise, will inspire hope in the hearts and courage in the souls of your imprisoned sister and brothers.

FRANK P. WALSH.

Not only morally, but financially as well, the Carnegie Hall gathering proved a most successful affairs. The great expense of the meeting (the rent alone amounting to $400.00) was more than covered by the sale of tickets. The collection totaled $500.00, which sum was immediately wired to San Francisco, together with telegraphic greeting of the meeting to the prisoners. A special wire was sent by the women of the gathering to Mrs. Rena Mooney.

And now for a systematic campaign of nation-wide proportions. The United Hebrew Trades has called a conference of all its allied labor bodies, Workmen's Circle branches, Jewish national bodies and progressive groups and organizations. It is urged that similar action be taken in other places, to multiply the sources of moral and financial support, and to swell and crystallize the voice of active protest throughout the country so effectively as to throw wide open the prison gates holding the brave soldiers of Labor's war.

WHOEVER produces anything by weary labor, does not need a revelation from heaven to teach him that he has a right to the thing produced.

*—Robert G. Ingersoll*

# The Full Story of the Battle of Everett

**Charles Ashleigh**

THE lumber interests were afraid of the propaganda of the I. W. W. in Everett, Washington. There was a shingle-weavers' strike going on and the I. W. W. meetings served to stiffen the strikers' resistance. Also the meetings were creating a spirit of discontent among the other slaves of the Lumber Emperors; and this might mean less profit for these good gentlemen. Therefore, the speaking must be stopped.

Thereupon followed a series of arrests, beatings and deportations. The "respectable and prosperous" members of the Commercial Club organized a Vigilance Committee, disguised with handkerchiefs about their faces and armed with guns and saps.

James Rowan was arrested on the streets of Everett while reading from the box a portion of the Report of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations. "You can't pull that sort of stuff here in Everett," remarked the sapient representative of the peace. Messrs. Frank P. Walsh and Basil Manly ought therefore to be arrested on a charge of writing pernicious and seditious matter, and the Federal Government prosecuted for the circulation thereof, according to this worthy's judgment!

Rowan was driven out along the county road and then released. As he was walking on, he was entrapped by a party of Vigilantes who had been waiting in ambush. His clothes were removed and he was then severely beaten until his back was a mass of welts, wounds and bruises. This, in the holy name of Law!

Fellow Workers Feinberg and Roberts were consigned, on another occasion, to the tender mercies of these law-loving thugs and were so badly beaten that they became unconscious.

On Monday, October 30th, forty-one men went to Everett from Seattle to hold a meeting. They were met on their arrival at the dock by a number of gunmen with automobiles and were driven out to the woods on the outskirts of town. There, they were met by a further contingent of the upholders of our country's integrity. The men were forced to run the gauntlet, under a shower of blows and amidst a hail of choice profanity. Several were knocked unconscious. Some assert that their money was taken from them by these "legal" gentlemen who, in the bosoms of their families or in their places of worship, are doubtless pillars of all the virtues. Some wounded men were dragged forcibly across the cattle-guards of the car track, so that the guards were found to be clotted with blood the next day. Visitors to the scene of this valiant exhibition of honorable citizenship described afterwards the tracks in the sand where the stupefied men had dragged themselves along, on their hands and knees, to a place of shelter. Also torn clothing and bloodstained hats were found.

The more liberal of Everett's citizens were highly indignant at this brutality and manifested great sympathy with the cause of Free Speech. Therefore, it was decided to try to hold yet one more meeting, this time in broad daylight and on a Sunday, when it was thought the publicity of the affair would prevent a repetition of the previous outrages.

But the rule of the thugs was stronger than had been reckoned. The trap was set for the slaughter of these brave workingmen. The gunmen were strategically placed in commanding positions on the docks. Barricades were erected so that the pillars of society might, in comfort and safety, enjoy the Lord's Day by sniping workingmen.

When the "Verona" landed with 250 workingmen on board, she was met by the Sheriff with his posse ranged behind him. In adjacent warehouses, and on another pier and a tug on the other side of the boat, were more civic enthusiasts well supplied with high-power rifles.

Before a man had a chance to land, the fusillade started. The volley from the dock swept the unprotected decks. Men began to drop, dead and wounded. It is an open question whether there was any return fire from the boat. The other posse, on the tug and the other pier were facing their accomplices on the further dock, with only the low-lying boat between. The fire swept the boat and also may have done destruction among their own men; they were in a good position to slaughter their own friends as well as the hapless workers on the steamer. Even Prosecuting Attorney Helsell is reported to have said that he estimated the number of guns among the steamer's passengers as from 18 to 25. About twenty revolvers against a small army with high-power rifles!

Eyewitnesses assert that several men toppled over the low rail of the boat. Their bodies will now have been washed out into the Sound so that the full tale of the destruction wrought by the murderers of Everett will never be told. Five workingmen were killed in this massacre and thirty-one wounded. Of the deputies, two died and a dozen were hurt. The steamer put about and returned to Seattle. On the way she passed the "Calista" with thirty-five free speech fighters aboard. The captain of the "Verona" hailed the "Calista" and told her to return to Seattle. This she did.

On returning to Seattle the men aboard the two boats were arrested. For several days the three hundred men were kept in jail while a weeding-out process went on. The prosecution gave out that they were looking for "ringleaders." Therefore, the crime they were guilty of was not murder, but being active in the Labor Movement!

The selective process is now ended, with the result that there are now nearly a hundred men in jail in Everett, **charged with murder!** And the Lumber Trust intends to get them! The thirty-five men on the "Calista" are still in jail in Seattle and are to be charged with unlawful assembly. Three women who were suspected with being sympathetic with the Free Speech fight were taken from a jitney bus on their way from Everett to Seattle and arrested. Two are out on bonds and the third, Edith Fernette, is still in jail charged with assault and "intent" to commit all sorts of crimes. The prosecution has not spared itself any time or trouble in tacking fearsome charges on to anyone suspected of sympathy with the Labor Movement. Men have been picked up on the streets of Everett, because they had overalls on, and jailed. In jail they have been subjected to various forms of torture.

The tale of the crimes of Everett against organized labor would fill a volume. Johnson, an active member of the Longshoremen's Union, was held several weeks in jail there, incommunicado. He is reported to have been beaten daily with a rubber hose.

The men in jail in Everett have recently gone on a hunger strike owing to the inefficiency of the food. They are fed mush at 8 a. m. and beans, or shadow stew, at 4:30 p. m. This is all they get. Two of the men are now suffering the tortures of the Black Hole, according to the Everett *Tribune*, a capitalist daily.

And these men in jail, facing a murder charge because of their heroic fidelity to the cause of Labor, are awaiting a message from their class brothers on the outside. Our five murdered fellow workers have died in OUR cause—the cause of the workers. Shall these other men go to the living death of the penitentiary because of their loyalty? They are all active rebels, therefore the bosses want to see them behind bars. But we, the workers, want them with us. We need all the active class-conscious workers we can get. We are not going to let the masters shut up these men for years to break their spirits and ruin their bodies.

**We can free these men if you will help!** We need publicity and we need a good defense. This all costs money. The money can only come from one source: the working class. It is up to you!

All funds should be sent to Herbert Mahler, Secretary-Treasurer, Everett Prisoners' Defense Committee, Box 1878, Seattle, Wash.

WORKERS, REMEMBER EVERETT'S BLOODY SUNDAY!

(Protests do not help much, but at least they show the bosses that our men are not friendless. Send them to Governor Lister, Olympia, Wash., and to President Wilson.)

# A Note From the Steel Trust's Prison

County Jail, Duluth, Minn., Dec. 7, 1916.

MY DEAR F—:

The rose enclosed in your letter brought to memory the wonderful time I had while in California. It helps much to receive a flower in this cold, black, iron cell. The autumn season is exceptionally beautiful here—no snow—and the sun shines brightly. But its rays never reach the bleak and dirty little corridors where, two by two, we prisoners go for a short walk. I am feeling fine. My only wish is to be free again to fight in the battle line for Labor. It is not the severity of the jail that has power over me; oh, no! It is this compulsory inaction—the power over which we hope to win. To win because freedom means more chance to fight. And if the verdict of "guilty" means the command for the masses to arise and deliver the attack, the final attack on the master class—then let the verdict come. Oh, all of you, who have the privilege of being at liberty, do not rest. Fight, fight, fight!

I am glad for the publicity matter you sent me regarding the San Francisco cases. It makes the blood boil in my veins and I am thinking of those brave, courageous boys all the time.

Our case goes to trial on the 18th inst. I am more of a spectator and less of an actor in this judicial comedy.

Love to you and all our friends. CARLO TRESCA

# Wilson's Victory and Labor's Lesson

**Harry Kelly**

AS a choice between two groups of politicians, I confess a feeling of satisfaction when the most reactionary one is defeated. Had it been possible for both to lose that would have been a still greater joy, but as that was too much to ask, we are trying to extract as much satisfaction out of the election as possible.

It is my belief that Wilson is more sincerely liberal in his views on social subjects than Hughes, but it requires an optimism I do not possess to call his election a victory for liberalism.

But as the dust of the campaign settles, we trust it will not blind the eyes of the working men and women to certain fundamental facts. Under the administration of the liberal and scholarly Wilson we have had Ludlow, Mesaba, San Francisco, Bayonne and a score of other places, and now Everett, Washington. While we do not pretend that he is responsible for them, we do not intend that they shall be forgotten when others enumerate the advantages of his tenure of office.

Paper after paper has been suppressed by the post-office, refusing them transmission through the mails, until free press has become a myth and a joke, yet we have not heard that President Wilson has objected or in any way tried to curtail the ever growing perniciousness of his Postmaster General and his subordinates in these matters.

Much credit has been given President Wilson for the eight-hour law recently passed by Congress and the Senate when the Railway Brotherhoods held them by the throat, and also for his declaration that the moral sense of society was in favor of an eight-hour day. To talk about the moral sense of society expressing itself in favor of an eight-hour day is pure balderdash. That immense section of our population engaged in agricultural pursuits is not interested in an eight-hour day, and it is also questionable whether the few who may have an opinion on it, are even in favor of it. The majority of our working class are still scabs at heart and while willing to profit by an eight-hour day are not prepared to work for it and have little or no ethical feeling about it. Wilson never discovered this moral sense of society until the railway workers were powerful enough to dislocate a large part of the railway system of the country, and it is giving credit where none is due to ascribe sympathy for organized labor because of this law. The law was put on the statute books by the organized power of the Railway Brotherhoods and no one else, and its benefits—if any—will come through **their power to enforce its provision.**

This victory of the railway workers is of far greater importance to labor than any presidential election in this country since the foundation of the republic. Labor will get under the coming administration exactly what it got under Wilson, Taft, Roosevelt, McKinley, Cleveland, or any other predecessors. Labor had its Lawrence and Paterson under Taft; its Ludlow, Bayonne, and Everett under Wilson. Its papers were suppressed and its advocates shot, beaten and imprisoned under them all and the difference has been almost indistinguishable.

The one thing that will alleviate the condition of the workers and finally emancipate them from slavery is an awakened social consciousness, a spirit of solidarity and a belief in their own power to grapple with and finally subdue this "hideous monster with the bloody lips," as Galsworthy calls it. Economic emancipation will come when men desire better things and are willing to share them with others. If these desires are accompanied by a feeling that each individual can play a part in the struggle for emancipation, the labor movement will go forward by leaps and bounds. If men will only believe in themselves, we shall soon smile at the modesty of the railway men's demands in the year of our Lord, 1916. Meanwhile, don't depend upon Wilson's liberalism, but remember: **"He who would be free, himself must strike the blow."**

# A Birth-Control Meditation

**Sara Bard Field**

EMMA GOLDMAN was given fifteen days and Ben Reitman sixty days, for trying to improve the race. I am not surprised. Socrates was given a cup of hemlock; Jesus a cross; Savonarola a burning stake; the Japanese Socialists and the late Irish rebels a bullet through the heart — each of whom was trying, also, to improve the race in his own way and according to his own idea.

There has never been one move on the part of the individual to make a radical improvement in the condition of man, that man, in the form of organized Society, has not promptly rejected and punished the originator of the idea. Of course, if a man confine his improvement of conditions to better sewerage, improved lighting, cancer cures and sanitary housing, he is allowed to go on his way in peace. He may even make a useful invention and possibly win honors, so long as his invention can be capitalized and swept into the money-making flood. These inventions, cures and methods are all things. Matter is easy to deal with.

But to invent a new idea, to propose a reformation in thinking, in social and economic relations—swing wide the prison doors, get the hangman's noose ready for the offender. For such ideas are thought. Mind is difficult to deal with.

It is only for the man who makes a better mouse trap that the world wears a beaten track to his door to do him honor. The man who invents a better thought may also have a beaten track worn to his door, but it will be worn by the feet of a mob who come to annihilate him.

* * *

Emma Goldman and Margaret Sanger are soon to be tried again for birth control propaganda. Their courage ought to be a challenge to all of us who believe in birth control. Feminism is merely a movement of women to gain full possession of their own souls and bodies. Birth control is a woman's declaration of right as to the use to which her body shall be put. There ought not to be a thinking woman in the land who would refuse aid to this birth-control movement.

## An Invitation, Please!

NEARLY A YEAR! Who would have believed it possible?

The timid were quite sure such a thing could never be. Not on the Coast, anyhow. It had never been done before, so—why be a fool and attempt the impossible.

True, the difficulties were great, and there has been no lack of trouble and worry. Chicken-hearted printers, fearful of what their respectable customers would say; sly underhand wire-pulling by grafters, high and low; bitter opposition by Mother Grundies in silk skirts and overalls; stupid censorship and arbitrary deprivation of second class rights; police-terrorized newsdealers, open persecution and hidden malice—but notwithstanding, THE BLAST will soon celebrate its first birthday.

If the youngster hasn't visited you quite regularly—well, he will acquire steadier habits as he grows in age, though—I hope—not in "discretion." But anyhow, he is anxious for your invitation for 1917. He hopes to come to your home next year. He'll do so joyfully, eagerly. He is awaiting your invitation, at $1.00 per.

THE BLASTERS

## Young Folks

DEAR UNCLE ALECK:

What has become of the "Young Folks"? I wanted to ask some questions but I thought I could not unless my name was Tom, but I guess Tom died of being too bright. Hoping you can answer my question, your loving little friend,

LEEDIA

(Dear Leedia: Ask your questions. "Uncle Aleck" is in New York, but is never too busy to answer you.—M. E. F.)

## A Jack London Memorial Meeting

will be held at

**Scottish Rite Auditorium**

**Wednesday Evening, Dec. 20th**

**Speakers**

**Frank Stone Hamilton**

**George Sterling, California Poet**

**Upton Sinclair, Novelist**

The object of the meeting is the establishment of a Jack London Institute, which will include a Modern School for children, a Radical Library and classes in the Sciences for workers. All those interested in this plan, please communicate with L. S. Carasso, 52 Page street, San Francisco, Secretary of the Jack London Memorial Association.

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